

A commendation of Musicke,

And a confutation of them which dispraye it.

When first within the corps of man, dame Nature built her bower:
She saw what troubles eke & thral, was bent them to deuour.
To whome she gaue as in reward, a pleasaunt note or sound:
Their cares and cares to dzyue away, wherby much ease was found.
Whereof in children proufe is had, whome nurses haue in charge:
How sone they stop and stay their cry, when she doeth sound at large.
The Plowman eke, and Carter both, with ease doeth passe away:
In singyng of some mery note, their tranayle all the day.
Wherefore to Lady Nature I, doe render prayse and wyll:
By whome not onely man alone, but byrdes in song hath skyl.
The Poetes sayne that *Amphion*, who buylded Thebes towne:
Did fyrst inuent the pleasaunt note, wherby he got renoune.
To *Dionysius* some the name, and some contrary wyse:
To *Zephus*, who *Eusebius* sayth, the same dyd first deuyse.
Solinus sayth that men of *Crete*, by ryng and sound of brylle:
By *Thacadianes* doeth *Polibius* say, inuented first it was.
In dede I thinke sone after that, dame Nature made the sound:
That Reason did the measure make, the concozd and the ground.
And then in *Mercury* first it wrought, as auctour of the same:
The which euen hee (as worthy prayse) did publish and proclame.
Then Reason, as one not full suffysde, did seeke for to deuise:
Some instrument to geue a sound, by whome there did aryse
A foreward wit in *Mercury*, for to inuent the same:
Who made a Harpe of fishes bone, a *Tortes* cald by name.
Which hee by *Nilus* ryuer found, the fysh was dzyde away:
And nothyng but thre strowes left, whereon he sought to play.
But when they gaue a sound agayne, thus doe the Poetes sayne:
He made a Harpe much lyke that bone, by thynuent of his brylle.
Thre strynges to it did he apply, a Treble Base and Peane:
The which he made for to accoꝝd, in Musickes pleasaunt bayne.
Then he it to *Apollo* gaue, as gyft of wonderous weyght:
And he the same to *Orpheus* handes, made redeliuery streyght.
Some thinke *Amphion* first it found, and some to that say no:
And some in *Tuball* thinke the lyke, but that can not be so.
Then *Pan* the wypp, *Apollo* eke, the Shalme he did inuent:
Then *Dauid* Regalles sought to make, by Reasones whole consent.
And *Orphen* first, with *Linus* nexte, and *Arion* all by name:
Timarias, and *Trezenius* both, thereby did purchase fame.
For *Cibell* yet, with *Pises* too, their labour ought did cease:
But in the same did soze apply, their cunnyng to encrease.
Thus haue we proued by Poetes loze, how auncient Musicke is:
And now I meane by Scripture playne, to proue the lyke it wis.
We read how *Dauid* daunt and sounge, before the Arke of God:
And how his wyfe which folowed him, was by the Lorde forbode
For haupng chyldren any more, but barren should she be:
Whereby I proue that God is pleaste, with such lyke armory.
When *Miriam* with the *Israelites*, the red sea deepe had past:
And *Pharaos* hoste were drownded all, who did pursue them fast,
Then toke they Tymbzelles in their handes, and to h Lord sang prayse
For that he was their ayde and sheld, to passe the daungerouse seas.
The Shepherdes eke, and Angelles both, we read how they reioyst:
When they once heard and vnderstode, the byrth of *Iesus Chyist*.
We see by this what Musicke is, we neede no better proufe:
The Scripture is a buckeler good, in Musickes right behoufe.
In *Fucius*, and in *Galen* both, who lyst to loke shall fynd:
How much that Musicke doeth appease, the dolours of the mynd.
You know what tauntes *Themistocles*, in banket did sustayne:
When he god musicke did dispraye, accomptyng it but bayne.
They iudged his learnyng much the worse, because he did desyre
That, which all men did much esteeme, regard and eke set byr.
I pray you was not *Socrates*, whome crooked age had caught:
With Musickes skyl and armory, as one with *Cupid* fraught:
And sayd that concoꝝd was the ground, and eke the sure stay:
Withouth the which nothing is good, this could that wyse man say.
And measure is a mery meane, and meane who doeth embrace:
Of euery vertue hath the ground, which byngeth man to grace.
This haue I doen in Musickes cause, my pen now wyll I rest:
Syth that I haue that worthy science, as famouse once profess.
And who that seekes the losse of it, needes must I speake my mynd:
A great dispraye is to his wit, his wordes are coumpted wynd.

FINIS. (¶) Nicholas Whight.

Printed at London

in Aldersgate strete, by Alexander Lacy:
dwellyng before the Well.